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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XX.

Never, in the records of the great metropolis, had a case excited more interest than this trial of Hubert Bernot. Men, whose feet rarely passed the threshold of a court-room, sought early for places; merchants, who could hardly be spared from their business, dropped in to listen for a brief while to their wonderful voices; brokers left their counting-rooms to catch a glimpse of the great lawyer; and politicians forgot, for the time being, their party interests in the excitement attendant upon the peculiar trial.
But all was due to "Roquelare"—that secret and mysterious body of whom there were few who had not heard, but many who had known nothing beyond its name. This was the first instance in which it had come so prominently before the public, and that secret awe of, and attraction for, the mysterious which exists among all classes had done more than anything else to draw together the motley crowd which filled the court-room.

That anything which reminded one so strongly of the secret practices of a past age as this society seemed to do, could exist in an enlightened nineteenth century, and in a country where independence had begotten universal knowledge, was a subject of marvel even to the illiterate, and in the poorest, as well as in the wealthiest homes, the one much-discussed topic was that singular institution, "Roquelare."

Reporters sharpened their pencils and arranged their books with delighted haste, for on this third day of the trial they looked for more sensational denunciations than had yet been given to the public; and the anticipation of the people was whetted to its utmost, so that on every face shone the same expression of deep and eager interest.
The prisoner's demeanor was the same, outwardly, as it had been from the beginning—calm, and free from the slightest trace of embarrassment. Margaret sat in her old place, veiled as usual, and as usual, she was unaccompanied by any friends of her own sex.

Mrs. Delmar, unattended by her daughter, who had feigned illness in order to be permitted to remain at home, had beckoned a lady friend from another part of the room, and was deep in whispered comments on the prisoner's appearance, while Eugene, occupying a seat at his mother's side, was engrossed with thoughts of the confidence imparted to him by his sister on the previous night; and occasionally he felt for the little missive, directed to Miss Calvert, lying in his vest-pocket.
The silent, anxious people seemed to be prepared for strange, untoward occurrences: to look for proceedings different from those of other similar trials, so that when the first witness summoned was again poor old Mrs. Murburd, with her trembling gait, and her strange, old-fashioned costume, and Bertou held a knife to her view, and asked her if she had ever seen it before, and having received an answer in the affirmative, something was taken out of a paper wrapping, and a plaster cast of a face exposed, the people did not manifest any greater degree of wonder or interest than they had already done.

But Margaret flung aside her veil and gazed horror-stricken, while Hubert started and bent forward, suddenly and uncontrollably excited.
That cast was a fac-simile of the murdered man's face as it had appeared after he had met his miserable end, and with the nicest, but to Margaret the most horrible, precision, the peculiar knife with its golden-lettered name, was opened, and its blade adjusted to the gash that extended the whole length of the left cheek. It fitted perfectly, and for an instant Bertoni's eyes wandered to their almost habitual expression of triumph to Plowden, who returned the look with one of glaring hate. Margaret looked at Hubert, but he, beyond the flush which still dyed his cheeks, appeared to have recovered his wonted composure, and she made desperate efforts to regain hers; but her heart continued to beat as if it would burst its bonds, and her breath came in short labored gasps.

The trembling old lady was permitted to descend, and her escort led her out of the court-room as on the previous day, but those near whom she passed heard her half audible whisper: "How soon now shall I see Hugh?"
The next witness summoned was Hugh Murburd, and in a few moments a door opened, and there advanced—apparently from some private apartment—a stout low sized, sturdy-looking young man, and fearlessness never had a truer personification than in his whole bearing and expression. Indignation also seemed to have powerful sway in him, for the very color that burned in his cheeks, added to the lightning-like flash of his blue eyes, as he turned them from judge to jury, told as plainly as words, the passion working in his soul. With true national obstinacy he parried every thrust of Bertoni to obtain his evidence; and before they could stop him, he had given in brief, but contemptuous terms, his opinion of the manner in which they had worked to obtain his testimony.
"I presume you have worked on my poor old mother's fears," he said, "and have obtained her evidence before this, but from me you will learn nothing, save that Hubert Bernot, once my classmate, and from the first day of our acquaintance my friend, is the purest and most honorable man I know."

And true to his word, he would not testify, nor even admit, anything else; in vain Bertoni confronted him with the portion of his mother's testimony which went far to show that he must have had at least suspicions regarding the prisoner, the witness only presented the same sturdy, unflinching mien, and refused to answer. The cross-examination, disclosed only the depths of his noble friendship—it made public, traits of such unselfish goodness in the character of Hubert Bernot, that many tender and admiring looks were turned upon the prisoner.
Margaret raised her veil and darted upon young Murburd a glance of heartfelt gratitude—how she blessed him in her heart for his testimony; and Hannah Moore on the opposite side, was wiping the tears from her eyes, and whispering to John McNamee: "God bless him—it's the good heart he has for Mr. Hubert!"
Murburd descended from the stand, his cheeks still flushed and his eyes still sparkling from recent anger, and he was immediately conducted out of the court-room.

Joramoun Jumley was next summoned, and a little dapper man with an exceedingly light, agile gait stepped quickly to the stand. His evidence, which was given in a very brisk, decisive manner, showed that he was the lawyer who had been engaged by the Murburds to conduct the suit for their contested property, and consequently the one with whom Hubert had executed the commission entrusted to him by Mrs. Murburd.
He identified the prisoner as the young man who had called upon him once, in relation to some matter connected with the Murburd property.
"I have a full account of it here," he said, producing a small, thick, leather, red covered note-book.
"Always keep full accounts of everything—even most trivial circumstances—find it's the best way—best way," rapidly turning the leaves as he spoke, and then reading in the same brisk, emphatic manner in which he talked:
"September tenth, eighteen hundred.—Young man called this evening on Mrs. Murburd's business; smart, gentlemanly, intellectual. Gave him the papers, together with some written instructions—did not inquire his name; left me at a quarter to seven," and he closed the book with a snap as decisive as his tone was, and looked at the jury with an expression that seemed to say: "Gainsay that testimony if you dare."
Plowden signified no desire to cross-examine that witness, and the little, dapper lawyer descended from the stand with the high stepping air which was evidently the most, and perhaps the only, important part of "Joramoun Jumley, Esq., practicing attorney."
People were beginning to relax a little from the strain so severely imposed on their mental faculties. Ladies straightened in their seats and retained themselves that their trollees and fathers stirred themselves to remove the stiffness caused by their rigid position; but suddenly every one resumed his, or her attitude of intense interest, for "Margaret Calvert," was called.
She had expected the summons—she had fancied she was prepared for it; but, at the first sound of the voice that

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pronounced her name, it seemed to her as if her heart ceased to beat. She felt herself growing cold, as if she had been suddenly exposed to a mid winter blast, though fans had been plying in all directions a minute before, and when she strove to rise, her limbs seemed to have lost all power of motion; but, in a moment the blood came surging back through every vein with a frightful velocity, and her heart resumed its agonized beating. She rose, and, throwing aside her veil, looked at Hubert.
It was as a last appeal, and the earnestness, the passion, with which she would have spoken, had opportunity presented, was expressed in her imploring countenance. But his face gave back no answering sign; pale and rigid, he leaned slightly forward and looked at her—that was all.
She ascended the stand, feeling the multitude of stares which were directed at her, though she saw none of them, not even the gaze of those directly in front of her, for her head was slightly bent, and her eyes cast down.
Standing there to supply the last link in the evidence which would criminate him whom she loved deeper than her own life—that was the only thought in her mind, and once more, even after Bertoni had put the preliminary question and was waiting for her answer, and while the people waited also in breathless expectation, she turned and looked at Hubert.

He had folded his arms and stood erect, not even a faint color in his cheeks to betray his inward excitement, and he met her look with one as rigid and impassable as though he were but returning the glance of some curious stranger.
Her promise to him, his own importunate pleadings, returned to her with new force—her heart beat wilder, the blood surged hotter through her veins, and her face, before like marble, was now as red as the bandage which still bound Bertoni's wrist.
She had withdrawn her eyes from Hubert, and by a desperate effort lifted them to the great lawyer's face. Her voice, that indescribable, and peculiar voice, which on the very first occasion of its being heard, produced such an effect, was not without a similar effect now. Sad and low, as it was until re-hearts to speak louder, it thrilled the hearts of her hearers, and more than one, even feminine, head was twisted and thrust forward to catch a glimpse of the face which belonged to such a voice.

She told of her cousin's departure from home in order to visit the Murburds at C—, of his sudden and unexpected return a week after; of his ring starting her from her lonely midnight watch in his mother's apartment, but there her courage and her voice utterly failed.
She stopped abruptly, looking at Bertoni, with the expression of one suffering from intense alarm, and before the lawyer had quite decided what course to pursue, the prisoner, in defiance of every rule of the court, and reckless of his pledged obedience to Plowden, said loudly and distinctly: "Remember your promise, Margaret, to tell what I at that time told you of Cecil Clare: of the bloody knife I gave you to clean: of—"

He was interrupted suddenly, for men had recovered their startled faculties and the order of the court was restored.
Bertoni's face flashed with triumph: it required but an instant—now that he understood the motive of her evidence effort to tell what she knew, however damaging as evidence, that knowledge might be used to frame his questions in such a manner that they elicited enough of the wretched story to form the most important link in that superabundant chain of testimony.
She was scarcely aware how much she was telling. In her confused alarm she fancied that her monosyllabic answers were of much less importance than she ought to have given, as Hubert had requested full responses to the skillfully put questions.
She did not say that he had told her he had murdered Cecil Clare; and she told nothing about the knife; but Bertoni had gradually wormed out the whole tale; and he knew that just as soon as his ingenuity should place the desultory portions of the testimony in their proper places, people all would understand how, on the evening of the tenth of September, having executed Mrs. Murburd's commission, Hubert had taken a train to return to C—. That an accident, productive of no personal injuries, but occasioning much loss of time, had occurred, when the train had proceeded but a few miles, and that Hubert, tormented by self-reproach at not having seen his mother again when opportunity presented, took passage on the train to the city which happened to be due at a station in the vicinity of the accident, and arrived in the city a few minutes past eleven o'clock that same night. That owing to the night being fine, and the distance not far, he had determined to walk home—that he met on his way an old enemy of his family—how hot, taunting words passed between them, and finally the fatal blow which rendered Hubert a murderer. That the deed had occurred in a very retired street, and that immediately after, Hubert fled, pursued only by his own terror and remorse. That he walked the streets until he remembered that generally after midnight his cousin took the attendant's place in his mother's sick room, and hoping, and trusting only to meet her, he hurried home. How he gave her his confidence only after importunate appeals, and how he remained concealed in his own room all that day while she searched the papers for any account of the murdered man

—how she saw none until the afternoon issue; and then, at Hubert's request she said that fatal visit to the morgue.
But, though she had not given the evidence as Hubert had requested, misgivings filled her mind—perchance from the triumph which flashed so unmistakably in Bertoni's eyes—that her testimony was after all as damaging as she could possibly have made it; and, influenced by that fear, she burst suddenly into an appeal for mercy for Hubert, as though in atonement for the very evidence she had given, her simple heart trusting that her account of his penitence and remorse must have weighed with the stern men of law. Alas! that very appeal but strengthened her preceding testimony, and for that reason she was not interrupted, and Plowden, knowing any objection he could urge would be instantly overruled, sat grimly listening, and biting his lips to suppress the rage that rose at Bertoni's triumph to which the simplicity of the witness was unconsciously administering.

"I have given my evidence," she concluded in a voice of such mournful pathos that more than one masculine heart was stirred to rare depths of feeling, "because I was bound by a sacred promise to the prisoner to do so; but I would deem it little to give my life if it could purchase mercy for him."
Never, at least to those who looked upon it that day, had a face been so expressive of utter sorrow; it was the saddest countenance they had ever beheld, and men, so unused to sad and painful scenes that the latter seldom caused a throb of compassion, sympathized with the situation of this broken-hearted girl compelled to give evidence against so near and dear a relative.
A strange expression came suddenly into Bertoni's face—almost a tender look; that heavy countenance that was never known to relax into any of the soft or genial expressions which mark the faces of men who are much attached to domestic joys.
He was believed never to have married, and it was said that for sake of study and power, he had so completely alienated himself from his kin, that none of his blood dared to claim relationship with him.
Perchance, something in that touching sorrow penetrated the callous heart of the great lawyer—wrote into sudden being some impulse of the man which so long had been stifled—for, with that unusual expression in his face, he bent forward and said, slowly:

"Is the readiness to purchase with the life of the one, the safety of the other, always a part of cousinship? Are even sisters an example of love that would go to the length of bearing a wretched burden, and retaining a secret, when the secret was such as to wear out the life of the confidante? Is it the fact of your relationship alone which is the motive of your affection, and of your desire to save the prisoner from the penalty of his crime?"
Plowden started, and flushed angrily, as if he would resent Bertoni's right to thus probe the heart of the witness. But the simple, guileless girl, reckless of time, place, or circumstances, answered out of the uncontrollable feelings of her heart:
"Every tie that gratitude can claim binds me to my efforts to save him; his mother became mine when death robbed me of my own—his mother gave me a home and friends when there was but one shelter open to me—a pauper asylum. I am not Madame Bernot's niece—I am only Margaret Calvert, the child of poor, obscure, deceased parents; in obedience to her express desire, the pretence of being her niece has been retained from the first; but, now that I have repaid her love and care by giving testimony against her only child, it is but just to prevent no longer relationship to which I have no claim."
An electric shock seemed to have gone through every listener. Men started, and women gave vent to half-suppressed exclamations, while the city excited a brief while before by her sorrowful demeanor, and the evident struggle it cost her to testify, gave place in some feminine hearts to a feeling of supreme contempt. Margaret Calvert, now known through her own avowal to be poor in her own right, and of humble parentage, was an object fit alone for scorn and loathing, and the fair lady, to whom she long had been an occasion of sore envy, looked relieved, and darted a glance of exquisite tenderness at Plowden. Surely the elegant lawyer had not been aware of that fact pertaining to Miss Calvert, or his attentions never would have been bestowed on so unworthy an object; and indeed, Plowden's face expressed all the astonishment which well might make one believe that the announcement had fallen upon him, too, like a thunderbolt; but there were also deeper feelings than astonishment expressed in the lawyer's face, only the fair Miss W— was unable to read them.
Mrs. Delmar was exultant, and when surprise permitted her to speak, she whispered to her companion:
"All that I conjectured about that brazen girl is actually coming true. I am sure our circle must be forever indebted to me for putting it upon its guard against such a creature."
And her eyes wandered to other parts of the house, in search of glances which would show that her fashionable friends remembered the service she had rendered them, continuing to wonder even while every eye was turned upon the prisoner.
He had started from his seat, and raised his arm as if about to burst into exultation, or denunciation; but the order of the court was not again to

be disturbed, and he was forced into his seat. He covered his face with his hands, while his form shook as if with sudden palsy. Margaret saw that—saw him trembling from where she stood, even to the shaking of the attenuated fingers that covered his countenance.
What could such sudden emotion, such an attitude mean, but fear which had come upon him—fear of what his sentence must be, since, despite all her caution, her testimony had supplied the only link which seemed wanting.
She did not remember that he had, as it were, extorted her evidence, she thought only that she had given the testimony which would bring upon him the extreme penalty of the law, and that he now regretted it, when too late.
Her feelings, already strained to their utmost, could endure no more—there was a moment of blind groping for a support she would have been unable to hold, an instant of dizziness in which the faces of judge and jury multiplied themselves to an infinite number—and she fell fainting from the witness chair. Some one caught her before she quite reached the floor, and she was gently carried to an ante-room, and female attendance summoned.
Order was immediately restored, and the business of the court resumed as if there had been no interruption.
Hubert had looked up as they were bearing her out, his face assuming a ghastly hue, and Plowden had flushed and paled alternately, as if under the influence of feelings entirely beyond his control, while Mrs. Delmar had whispered to her lady friend:
"A very fine piece of acting; but these low, obscure creatures always play their parts well."
Bertoni gave the summing up briefly and clearly.
"There were but few more proofs to adduce," he said, having shown how completely Margaret Calvert's testimony established the guilt of the prisoner.
"And, in order,"—raising his voice slightly, and glancing at Plowden,—"that no one who may be suspected of knowing anything of this case, may be left unexamined, I would suggest that the testimony of Madame Bernot's special attendant be taken, for, though, as we have been made to believe the prisoner's mother knows nothing of her son's crime, such ignorance may not extend to her attendant; and though Madame Bernot's precarious state of health precludes the possibility of her examination, her attendant is not included in such an exemption."
"And soon," his powerful voice swelled to its full magnitude, "there will be weighed the very last link of the chain of circumstantial evidence which binds the prisoner; justice will mete to him the fate which he merits for having inbrued his hands in a fellow creature's blood."
Plowden had already determined upon his line of action,—the last battle with himself had been fought; the last effort to continue in his path of duplicity overcome—he was ready for the consequences, be they what they might; and strong emotions thrilled the hearts of the people when he lifted his tall, lithe form to its erect height, and swept about him an unshrinking, defiant glance of his piercing eyes. His voice had not the sonorous ring of Bertoni's, but it had all the exquisite modulations, the clearness and the distinctness which make a perfect delivery; and, when having paid a sarcastic compliment to the learned skill of his honorable opponent, he begged to show that instances still remained in which that skill had failed to assert itself—that there were doubts regarding parts of the evidence which it had left unexplained—people suddenly began to wonder whether Bertoni was so much the superior of Plowden after all.
"Does the honorable counsel," he said, "ignore the fact that on the inquest held twenty-two months ago, eminent physicians gave as their opinion that the cause of the death of Cecil Clare was a blow, or blows on the breast?—that it was only casually ascertained the murdered man had died from the cut supposed to have been produced by a knife in the hand of the prisoner? Nothing in the evidence thus far has tended to prove that the prisoner dealt this murderous blow on the breast; further, the testimony has elicited that there were hot, taunting words between the supposed murderer and his victim. These words, on the one side, might have embodied threats which justified the drawing forth and the use of that knife. It is because the prisoner labors under a species of hallucination with regard to something done perhaps in self-defense, that we are to believe on supposition, because it is proved he gave the cut, that he must also have dealt the blow?"
"According to the evidence of the last witness, the supposed murderer left his bleeding, dying victim in H— street, a very retired side street; but the records of that date distinctly state that the murdered man was picked up in a prominent thoroughfare five blocks distant from H— street. My honorable opponent will account for this by citing the disturbed state of the prisoner's mind; he will say that remorse and terror and his subsequent wandering through various streets made the murderer forget the locality of his deed. But I require only time to show how far from the actual truth even a great lawyer, like my distinguished opponent, may be.
"Step by step he had shown his work for the sake of justice—"speaking the last words with an accent of intense scorn—"and step by step I shall show how this member of 'Roquelare'—who worked for the attainment of his own ends and not for